

A ROOM FOR TWO

Written by

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INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

ROSE, mid 20's, walks into the run-down room. Her tight white dress clings to her curvy figure. Her face contorts in disgust.

ROSE
Why do we always have to meet in
such dingy motels?

Rose sits on the bed and brushes dust off it with her hand.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Even the carpets in here smell like
piss.

Rose twirls her hair and obnoxiously chews gum as she looks at RICK, late 40's, with disappointment.

RICK
You know why.

Rick takes his suit jacket off.

RICK (CONT'D)
Besides, it's not that bad. Do you
want a drink before we begin?

Rick pulls a bottle of vodka out of his bag, followed by a bottle of cranberry juice. He walks to the bathroom counter where the hotel provided two glasses and a bucket of ice.

ROSE
Really? You never spend time on
drinks. You just get right to
business. Time is money for me, but
I guess I can spare a few extra
minutes...

Rose grins suggestively at Rick.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Especially if it's for you, Ricky.

Rick makes the drinks and watches Rose's reflection in the bathroom mirror. When she looks away he drops a pill into one of the glasses and continues to make the other drink.

RICK
I just wanted to take a minute to
thank you for the last few months.
(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)
I know I'm just another client to
you, but you've been a lovely
distraction while I've been
preparing for the campaign.

Rick nervously watches her every move through the mirror. He
stirs the drink, hiding the evidence, takes a deep breath,
and turns to face rose.

RICK (CONT'D)
A toast to new beginnings.

Rick's hands shake as he hands Rose her glass.

Rose accepts the drink and looks at Rick with concern.

ROSE
You sure are sweating a lot Ricky.
You okay?

Rick loosens his tie. Sweat drips from his forehead.

RICK
Yeah. I'm okay. It's just real hot
in here. I'm not feeling so good
all of the sudden.

ROSE
Here, let me see if I can turn this
A/C on.

Rose places her drink on the night table.

RICK
I just need some air. I need to
sit.

Rick places his glass next to Rose's.

ROSE
The patio actually doesn't look
like a complete dump. Sit outside
and get some air while I try to
figure this ancient thing out.

RICK
Yeah, good idea.

Rick opens the sliding glass door to the patio.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM - PATIO - DAY

The patio is enclosed. Poorly cared for plants decorate it. Mix-matched lawn furniture fill the space, some of it broken. Rick picks the chair with less damage and sits down.

ROSE

Damn thing is on its last leg. On the bright side, it's so loud it'll help cover up any sounds of business being conducted.

Rose grins at Rick seductively. Her large breasts glisten, exposed in the sunlight. They catch drops of sweat that roll down from her neck.

Rick stares at Rose longingly.

RICK

You are so beautiful. Take a seat.

Rick pulls out a chair for Rose. It's rusted and dirty.

ROSE

Um, no. I think I've found a more comfortable spot.

Rose bites her lower lip and grins, slowly taking a seat on Rick's lap, wrapping an arm around his neck.

Rick shifts in his seat a little nervously.

RICK

So, as I was saying, I just wanted to thank you. I've been beyond stressed with the campaign and MARGE has been such a pain in my ass the entire time.

Rose rolls her eyes.

RICK (CONT'D)

It's been nice getting away with you every week, even if it's costing me a fortune.

Rick grinned and kissed her cheek.

ROSE

Well, everything in life has a price. And I'm what some call a high-end piece. I don't come cheap. And you know the rules, no kissing.

Rick pulls back embarrassed.

RICK

Sorry, I forgot. It's just Marge has been a bitch the last few months. I miss intimacy. She wants to be the politicians wife, but never puts out for it in the bedroom. That's why I wanted to talk to you before getting into our business.

ROSE

My clients don't normally talk about their failing marriages before our visits.

Rose looks away from Rick.

RICK

That's just it, after today, I can't be your client anymore.

Rose whips her head around and looks at Rick in shock.

RICK (CONT'D)

I have to cut ties with anyone that can hinder my political career. I can't afford to be seen with a woman that's not my wife.

ROSE

Oh.

Rose's face hardens. She looks away from Rick.

RICK

Yeah.

ROSE

Let's drink and get on with it. I can probably see another client by the end of the night.

RICK

Don't be like that.

Rose gets up and adjusts her dress.

ROSE

It's fine. I knew I was fooling myself to believe you. Rome, Hawaii, jewels. The world at my finger tips. All bullshit.

(MORE)

ROSE (CONT'D)
I'm just a service to you, like
your fucking cellphone provider.
Just cut me off whenever.

Rose wipes a tear off her cheek with the back of her hand.

ROSE (CONT'D)
We left the drinks inside. Oh, and
tonight is going to cost you
double.

Rose furiously storms inside.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Rose pulls a small plastic bag from her purse containing two pills.

RICK (O.S.)
I think they're on the night table.

ROSE
Yeah, I got them. Just adding some
more vodka, they're watered down.

Rose takes the drinks to the bathroom counter. She drops both pills into Rick's glass. She quickly downs her drink and refills her glass with a fresh one.

RICK (O.S.)
You okay in there?

ROSE
Yep, coming.

Rose stumbles to the patio, almost spilling the drinks.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM - PATIO - DAY

Rose hands Rick his glass with a sarcastic smile.

ROSE
A toast to you, Mr. Future
President.

Rick and Rose drink from their glasses.

Rick watches Rose stumble over and fall to her knees as his vision begins to blur.